

Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JOHN L. PARKER. TERMS, \$1.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

Vol. 1.

ARLINGTON, MASS., JANUARY 20, 1872.

No. 4.

Poetry.

HIDDEN SINS.

For every sin that comes before the light,
And leaves an outward blemish on the soul,
How many, darker, cover it with night,
And burrow, blind and silent, like the mole;
And like the mole, too, with its busy feet,
That dig and dig a never-ending cave,—
Our hidden sins gnaw through the soul, and meet
And feast upon each other in its grave.

A buried sin is like a covered sore
That spreads and festers 'neath a painted face,
And no man's art can heal it evermore,
But only His—the Surgeon's—promised grace.
Who hides a sin is like the hunter who
Once warned a frozen adder with his breath,
And when he placed it near his heart it flew
With poisoned fangs and stung that heart to death.

A sculptor once a granite statue made,
One-sided only, just to fit its place—
The unseen side was monstrous: so men shade
Their evil acts behind a smiling face.
O blind! O foolish! thus our sin to hide,
And force our pleading hearts the gall to sip;
O cowards! who must eat the myth that Pride
May smile like Virtue with a lying lip.

A sin admitted is nigh half atoned;
And while the fault is and freshly done,
If we but grope our eyes and think,—'tis owned—
'Tis half forgiven—half the crime is won.
But if we heedless let it reek and rot,
Then pile a mountain on its grave, and turn
With smiles to all the world,—that tainted spot
Beneath the mound will never cease to burn.

Selected.

A Haunted House.

DEAR COUSIN:—For the first time in seven days I have a leisure hour. First papa was taken ill, then Bob, then mamma, and now, just as we were maturing our plans for further progress, papa is down again. It is selfish in me to wish you were here, and yet I do. You have such a brave heart, darling, while we are all cowards. Yes, I won't even except Frank, who keeps out of the house as much as possible. You have never seen Frank. He is not a lover, as you hinted in your last letter, never pretended even to like me. He is one of your irreproachable; so good it makes one ache to see him commit some little impropriety. But I did not mean to talk of him. Let us turn to more agreeable matters—for instance, the terrible racket we had here last night. Papa is heartily sorry now that he ever took the house. You know it has been his ambition for years to own real estate, and this seemed such a grand bargain. But—you may laugh at me if you please—it is haunted, it really is. On some nights the noise is unearthly. Groans sound from room to room, unseen feet wander at will over the place, and that shrill, horrible whistle sounds sometimes as deafening as if there was a locomotive at the door begging for admittance. All this is very tiresome, as well as frightful, and has been doubly annoying since we have been ill. I hear we are going to be unlucky; for since we moved here there has been a succession of miseries. Some of our produce is lost for want of hands to work at the right time, and, if papa continues sick long, I don't know what will become of us. And yet I should feel very unwilling to give up this beautiful place. The situation is lovely; the lake can be seen from nearly all the windows; long stretches of upland meadow, burdened with grain, lie full in the sun at the right; and at this moment the bending beauty of the long green ranks, jeweled with dew, is something perfectly indescribable. The house is a good one, though, no doubt, very old; built of such timber as ancient carpenters worked upon, strong and sound, and plenty of it to build another. It is a massive frame house, and divided by a hall east and west. Not far from here is the parsonage, as yet untenanted, for the parson is a single man, and bids fair to remain so. The seminary is in sight; and as Frank is the principal, and there are few boarding-houses here, he begged so hard that we took him in. I have been glad ever since; for (you know we have been children together) he was so confident that we were a nervous set of individuals, shaping hopgoblins out of our fears, that it is really refreshing, sometimes, to see him come down with pale cheeks, and to hear him acknowledge that he did not sleep well, or that he "studied too late." We always know what that means.

I tell papa that as we have the same sort of noises over and over, and the ghost seems to be very methodical in his movements, that I am getting quite ac-

customed to the din. Most people laugh at the idea, but it is a fact that the house stood empty for five years. You remember how, on your last visit, when we lived in Bellamy, we were talking it over. You said that if they would make you an offer of the house, you would risk all the troubles the ghosts might give you, and you expressed a wish to sleep in it one night. Well, now, here is an opportunity for you to sleep in it a good many nights, if you will only come. Mamma says:—"It seems as if a sight of Alice would do me good." You know you were always her favorite. I hasten to tell you that the little illness which we generally keep on hand are not to be laid to the climate. Mamma's neuralgia is traditional, so is papa's rheumatism, and Bob is just blessedly over the measles, and delightfully cross. Aunt Judith is here; that speaks for the state of our culinary matters. She makes butter once a week, and keeps us in the most delicious curds. There never was never such a woman as Aunt Judith—and at this moment I must answer her pleasant little call. Something is going on in the kitchen. Pray excuse the abruptness of my ending.

This letter was signed, sealed, stamped and sent. Helen, commonly called Lenny, went herself to the little post office, taking Bob along. The breeze blew her curls, and sent a fresh color into her cheeks. At the post office door, coming out, she met Ann Sinclair, the clergyman's sister. Never were there two more complete opposites. Ann was tall and muscular. Lenny, a rolypoly, comfortable little body, full of dimples, and possessing a pair of eyes that made more than one swain feel uncomfortable. Miss Ann's constant employment seemed to be to hedge her brother's way with difficulties and impediments in the matrimonial road. Lenny was one of her chief torments, since she always made it a point to appear particularly solicitous of her brother's welfare.

"I hope Mr. Sinclair feels none the worse to day for yesterday's effort," said Lenny, after the usual compliment's had been passed.

"Then he called at your house?" said Miss Ann uneasily.

"Oh, yes, such a nice long call! Papa is ill, you know, and they got talking about their favorite subject. Then Aunt Judith prepared supper, and who can refuse her cream cheese and fresh honey? You should come over, Miss Ann, and test our hospitality. There isn't such another cook in the country as Aunt Judith."

Miss Ann smiled dubiously. "And do you really find that the house is haunted?" she asked, after a murmured acknowledgement.

"We certainly hear very mysterious noises," replied Lenny, "but they don't frighten us as much as they did; the novelty has worn off." She had sent little Bob ahead to pick buttercups.

"We do certainly get annoyed sometimes; but, as the ghosts, or whatever they are, don't appear, and trouble us in no other way, we let them go on with their pranks. It doesn't hurt us, certainly, unless it deprives us of sleep."

"Then you haven't seen anything?"

"No, indeed. I've never been afraid of that."

"But the Joneses only lived there three months; they used to see frightful things. For my part I don't see how anybody can stay in such places; it frightens me to pass them. I suppose you heard that the man who built the house smothered his wife—at least, that's the story."

"I wonder he didn't throw her down the well, and board it up," said Lenny.

"It's very unromantic to be smothered. I have often thought what a bungler Othello must have been."

"Oh Miss Lenny, how can you talk so shockingly, living there as you do?" cried Miss Ann, as they came to opposite roads.

"It's tempting Providence."

"I wonder if she thinks it would be tempting Providence to marry her brother?" said Lenny, half to herself, as she caught up with Bob. "If I thought she owned the house they lived in it would be a temptation to me."

Lenny started at the sound of a manly voice, and turned around, all blushes.

"Why Frank," she cried, evidently disappointed, "you startled me!"

"School is out; had a short session to day," said the young man, wiping his forehead. "How warm it is! Too warm for a walk, I should think."

"I've been to the post-office."

"Ah! Witten to the friend you spoke of last night, who wants to sleep in a haunted house? Ha, ha!"

"Yes, and she is a brave girl too, though you won't like her."

"Why?"

"In the first place, she is not hand-

some; in the second, she earns her own living, and believes that is one of woman's rights and privileges; in the third place, she won't like you, and that will be the most unpardonable sin of all, so prepare to hate her."

"So she is strong minded? Booked for an old maid; such people are," said Frank turning toward the house.

Lenny laughed to herself. "He'll watch her so closely," she said, as Bob ran by her, his little fat hands full of wild flowers, "that he'll find himself interested before he thinks. And she has heard so much of him—dear me, wouldn't it be funny?" She found her mother pale and nervous.

"We've heard the whistle, dear, twice. It is the first time in the daytime."

"Welcome news," laughed Lenny. "The ghost changes his tactics. If he, she or they will only play their pranks in the daytime, it would be an immense relief."

"I think we must give up the house, Lenny," her mother resumed. "I'm sorry, for it is a lovely place. I wonder if we could lay the uneasy spirit?"

"That has been tried, mamma, by the family who lived here before."

"Then I suppose we must sell out," said her mother, with a sigh.

At the end of a week's time a jaunty little green wagon brought a jaunty little gray lady, with a gray trunk, and deposited them at the gate of the haunted house. The little gray figure jumped out, put up her silver gray veil, showing a resolute, smiling face, and in another moment, Alice, arm in arm with her cousin, entered the house.

"I should call this pigeon town, if I had the naming of it," laughed Alice after all had welcomed her, "for I never saw so many pigeons in my life. They were everywhere. I imagine pigeon stew is not among your delicacies. You are too tender-hearted to kill them. And so this is the haunted house? The moment I received your letter I determined that I had worked too hard this summer, and needed a vacation; so I installed Milly behind the counter, sent for her sister, and here I am."

"You are fearless to trust Milly then?"

"She seems more like a sister than a servant. I would leave her with untold gold. Besides, she has all the tricks of the shop at her fingers' ends. She is scrupulous to a hair's breadth, never gives an inch over or under a yard, while I sometimes lose my profits by being too generous. Well, and so this house is really haunted? Is it in this room you hear the noise?"

"All over," replied Lenny. "It father and mother were strong and well, I think they would become accustomed to it. I told you about the whistle, I believe; that seems to be down stairs, clear and shrill sometimes as a brigand's call. This is the spare room, especially on the haunted side. I dare say you don't care about being domiciled here; had you rather sleep in my room?"

"Suppose I take this room and you come and sleep with me?" said Alice, rising. "I should like to go over the house, if you do not mind."

The apartment in which they stood was a plain square room, carpeted, with green hangings at the windows. It overlooked the lake on the west, and the distant hills, that in the warm sunshine seemed like gold that suddenly melted and suddenly hardened into fantastic shapes. Lenny took her cousin across the entry into her own room, which was neat, low-ceilinged, and looked towards the east, on a more sombre and less varied landscape. Alice tried all the doors, looked laughingly in the closets, in hope, she said, of finding the ghost.

"For do you know," she said, "I don't believe the noises you hear are the tricks of anything disembodied? I really hope your gentleman boarder is above reproach."

Lenny gave a little cry.

"Certainly. Poor Frank has nothing to do with it, I am sure that neither of us connive at the noises. The house stood empty for a long time before father bought it, people would not live in it. Families moved in one month and out the next. Papa used to laugh at what he called their whimsical notions, but I assure you he is in earnest now about selling or pulling down. I'm very sorry, for I like the house. The situation is beautiful, and the house convenient. I only wish I knew how to exorcise the evil spirit."

Alice curled her lip a little. "Evil spirit?"

"Wait," said Lenny, laconically, "until to night."

"Thunder and lightning never wakes me up," Alice replied, dusting some specks from her pretty gray merino.

"Poor Milly has often run into my room, half frightened to death, and found

it quite impossible to arouse me, during a thunder storm, so I shall be a poor bed-fellow for you. But, seriously, I shall try and keep awake."

"There's aunt's call for tea," said Lenny, "and Frank has just come in. You won't like Frank."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, he's queer. He has old-fashioned notions about women's work and all that sort of thing; not a bit interesting, and a confirmed old bachelor. This will set her thinking of him," added the sly mimic to herself.

The meal passed off very pleasantly. Both Frank and Alice canvassed each other's face quietly. Frank was astonished. There was a finished decency about the face of Lenny's cousin that surprised him. She had beautiful gray eyes, with long lashes, and lips that were perfect in shape, color and expression. Besides, she was so well-poised, so graceful, and at times so witty. He had had a mind to be angry with Lenny for leading him to believe that her cousin was so unattractive, because, before he had studied her well, he was only distantly civil. And Frank himself was no beauty, but a strong featured, resolute looking man, with a head that the cousin said would become any judge. The evening passed pleasantly. The two girls went to the room prepared to talk at least half the night.

"Does the ghost ever put out the gas?" asked Alice.

"Never," Lenny replied. "That is one of the things that never goes out in this house; I think I should be frightened in the dark."

"You couldn't provide a better antidote for sleep," Alice said, blinking. "Nothing with me will banish sleep more effectually. However, I am anxious to keep awake to make acquaintance with your unseen friends. Besides, I have so much to say to you, Lenny."

An hour, two, three passed, and still they were in the full tide of conversation, when suddenly Lenny grasped her cousin's arm. Alice listened for a moment, then sank back laughing.

"It is rain," she said, "and a high wind. Don't you hear it dashing against the glass?"

"Yes, that is rain. I hear that," said Lenny eagerly. "But the other noise?"

A succession of low moans seemed to echo through the apartment.

"It's the wind sighing through the key-hole," said Alice, listening intently.

"Now, don't you hear footsteps?"

"I can't say I do," was the reply. "I certainly hear a queer noise, but it doesn't seem in the least to me like footsteps."

"And the fluttering of dresses," whispered Lenny.

"Well, perhaps a little like that," responded the matter-of fact Alice; "but so little that I should fancy it anything else. The fact is, this storm has taken the wind out of the sails of our poor ghost. It is not a fair trial. Suppose you wait till a pleasanter night; I'm sleepy."

She had no sooner said this than she sprang up in bed. A whistle, clear, shrill, and blood curdling, sounded in her ear.

"What do you say to that?" asked Lenny. She was pale nevertheless, she could not help laughing at the appearance her cousin presented.

"Why, I think that a pretty substantial blast for a ghost to blow. There's no ghost about it," she added decisively.

Again the whistle sounded, but this time brokenly, in sobs and fragments, as if the breath that managed it had given out, and a shrill, dreary succession of sharp whispers succeeded.

"Perhaps it's the spirit of a broken down locomotive," said Alice, after listening again. "It's odd, its queer; but, depend upon it, it's nothing unnatural."

A full of quiet succeeded, and the girls had nearly gone to sleep, when Lenny started up with a cry.

"What is it now?" asked Alice, thoroughly roused.

"Something cold touched my forehead," replied Lenny, solemnly. "Oh, Alice, you have provoked them! They never have made themselves visible before."

Something cold touched her forehead. She put her hand up, it was wet. Drip, drip, came the moisture. Alice pointed to the ceiling; there a large circle of brown was visible in the white plastering, and the rain had found a fissure in the plastering.

"That's not a ghost, surely," she said, triumphant. "We should be quite disowned out by morning."

After a short deliberation, the young ladies adjourned to Lenny's room, and Frank declared in the morning that he heard footsteps, and actually saw figures in white pass his open door. Of course he thought it was a ghost, and he did not spare them a repetition of the story.

Mr. Alden, Lenny's father, decided to have the leak stopped immediately, and sent for a carpenter. The man came down stairs after working a while.

"I think I've found what haunts your house," he said, laughing. "It's a queer built house, and there is a vacancy between the brick and boarding on one side, and that is full of pigeons. It seems to me there must be hundreds there, and scores of 'em must be flying round; you can see them. I don't wonder you heard noises; it's like a young army. There's a hole at the back of the house somewhere, and they've had full possession for years, likely. I've always had a fancy I'd like to overhaul this old house, and a well built one it is, too."

And this was the end of the ghost. The pigeons were ousted and for months shelterless, while pigeons pie abounded. Alice pondered and searched, and searched and pondered. One day she went for the same carpenter and had a window dislodged. Something rolled to the floor. It was a child's tin whistle, battered out of all shape, but still, as Alice asseverated, its motive power was unimpaired. It had been lodged curiously in a cavity of the window frame, and the wind made it play its harmless but not altogether pleasant freaks.

I did not intend this for a love, but a ghost story. Nevertheless, I will add that Frank and Alice made a match of it, and that Lenny, finding that the clergyman's maiden sister did not own the little house that had sheltered her brother so long, made up her mind that the pretty paragon had stood empty long enough, and consented to be the minister's lady.

"WHAT WAS HIS OTHER NAME?"—As Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley! Greeley!" said Artemus.

"Horace Greeley! Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes.

Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a basket?"

"Train, Train, George Francis Train," said Artemus solemnly, "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said:

"What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant, Grant! hang it man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said:

"What was his other name?"

TASTE. — Taste, says Carlisle, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, means a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to reverence all beauty, order and goodness, wheresoever and in whatsoever forms. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not only given rank or situation, but a finely gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than from within, in every rank. The charms of nature, the majesty of man, the infinite loveliness of truth and virtue, are not hidden from the eyes of the poor, but from the eyes of the vain, corrupted, the self-seeking, be he rich or poor. In old ages, the humble minstrel, the mendicant and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of these glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls, they were unknown.

ONLY ONE BREWERY?—At Dubuque a St. Louis man grew thirsty and drank a glass of beer. After drinking, he smacked his lips with indescribable gusto, and ejaculated, "Ah-h! that's splendid! St. Louis beer, is it not?" "St. Louis?" reiterated the Teuton; "Naw sirree! dat ish Topook beer?" "What! have you a brewery here?" queried the surprised St. Louisian.

"A brewery? Seffen toussant Chermars nut von prewery? Vere you was leef von you was home?" And the astonished bartender, as he rinsed the glass, looked up with an occasional quick, inquiring glance at the stranger, muttering, as he saw him turn away, "Seffen toussant Chermars nut von prewery. Uh! hugh! I dinks so!"

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY JOHN L. PARKER.

At the Store of M. A. Richardson & Co.
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Adver-
tising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, JAN. 20th, 1872.

THE CHRONICLES OF MENOTOMY.

BY RUMFORD.

Introductory.—The "Boys."—Old Hotel, and old customers.—The old cocked Hats.—West Cambridge, the old town with its old name.

The old town of Menotomy, for many generations was known by this old euphonic Indian appellation, and reader, we love this old Indian name too. It carries us back to the days when we were young; those old by-gone days, when boyhood made us sanguine, and we saw everything in its prismatic hue. This old town too, has felt the stroke of the great enchanters wand, and *Progress* has been yearly at work and steadily producing changes by the way. We remember when the old town was called West Cambridge, and all the denizens of this old town seemed to enjoy themselves. Many and very curious are some of the customs that were patent to those good old times when the writer was a "small boy" and rejoiced in "spencer and trowsers," the former setting very tight, and the latter being very loose, so that they would not burst themselves as readily as their more modern relatives who now rejoice in the name of pantaloon, and are at present worn only by young gentlemen, for there are no small boys in our modern Arlington. Small boys being ignored at the putting off of the old name West Cambridge. In the days of which I write, long before even the Horse Railroad was conceived to be a possible thing. I remember well being a "small boy," creeping stealthily into that oldest of hotels, situated on what is now called Medford Street corner. In those days, it was not permitted for boys, of a certain age, to be out after dark, for fear that they might come to harm, or as their mothers said them "do some harm or get into mischief," an evil which our good mothers were very desirous their sons should not commit. We are sorry to have it to write, but the fidelity of history compels us to say that all mothers in those days did not agree upon what are now called the proprieties of their children, particularly the boys. So there grew up two classes of boys, who in time grew up with entirely different principles and ideas of action. These boys as the tax records of the Town assert, became men, with all their right and privileges, and so with their descendants to this day. With these boys, and the writer knew no difference whatever; boy was boy to him, and he liked young Cromwell with his cropped head, and mulish attributes, with his dirty face and jolly laugh, as well as good natured Willy Hopewell, who made it a point of keeping his face clean and his trowsers whole. Liking the company of these boys the writer often went with them, and had what we boys called then "some fun." Now we believe the term, has given place to the more modern one "a lark" and which by progressive strides has given society the highly classical term "raising the Old Harry." Well some of these boys have been true to their instincts, and when they became men, they did very much as when they were boys, raised the Old Harry generally, and sometimes particularly. Some of their grandsons—and blood will tell, you meet daily on the streets and they are readily known, by that very expressive title of "chip of the old block." For these boys, a peep within the low-studded bar-room, of the "Old Hotel" on the corner (we will call it, everybody knows it, late that popular house known as "Whittemore Hotel,") a peep only was considered in our boyish days as a rare treat. Some eight of us boys representing a mixture of the two sets of principles or as I may, hereafter designate them under the title of the Cromwellites, and Hopewellites, gained access one evening to the little "old gambrelled" extension to the Hotel proper by the outer door. Silently we entered on tip-toe, fearful and tremblingly lest we should be seen by some of the ancient citizens of the town, there we listened

to the stories and jokes, and sometimes songs of these old men; and saw through the crack of the door, good reader, the "jorum of Flip" as it passed from man to man, and heard for the first time in our lives the term "double corner" and saw how the thing was done. This was indeed interesting to us boys at least. We here learned many things that we never thought of before. In these days of stalwart men, and strong. In these days you will understand there was no such word in the vocabulary of West Cambridge, as *Prohibition*. This modern term is an elegant appendage to the practical Lexicon of Arlington, and refers to a species of suicide said by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, to be practiced by persons who put something in their water to prevent its hurting their stomachs. Their valuable lives are often sacrificed by their drinking too much water.

In those good old days, there were not it is true, any Giants, or sons of Anak, in the land; but then there were some grand old men, living heroes in their day and generation; and some of these ancient inhabitants were then in their manhood's prime, and lived in life's high meridian. These old men some of them were our grandfathers, and fathers perhaps; and we boys, went to hear them talk thus stealthily, to hear them tell of their hunting trips, their fights with the Indians, the old French war, and of old 1812, as one old Cocked Hat called it, while he brought his broad palm with much emphasis upon the brown patch upon the knee of his black trowsers. O! I love the memory of that man, he died full of years and usefulness, and all that is mortal of the good old man lies interred beneath the shades of the old Cemetery near the First Congregational church in Arlington.

And you say, says some one of my readers that this old man and his contemporaries, "drunk flip." Yes all that and "old Medford" too. Here, we for the time being "the boys" sat crouching in this dark old Tavern, and heard and saw much that perhaps, had something to do with the *shadings* of our after lives. We shall see in the course of this history of what we saw and heard, I may hereafter speak. That old hotel has its legends, as well as its histories and the lives of those who lived in those days were filled with stirring events.

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

MINSTRELS.—We understand that an amateur minstrel troupe has been formed in this town, whose performances are very meritorious. They are rehearsing with great care, and will soon bring out a bill in the Town Hall, which will afford our citizens much pleasure. Al Libby is the director, and his experience as a showman is of great value to the troupe. Look out for the Arlington Minstrels.

CONCERT.—The Orthodox and Baptist Sunday Schools, will unite next Sunday evening, at the church of the latter Society, and give a concert of vocal and instrumental music. They will be assisted by the Belmont Band, an organization of young musicians, not entirely unknown to our citizens. The concert will be very pleasing, and we advise all to go.

LOOKS WELL.—Some recent improvements in Donco's barber shop indicate a determination to make everything pleasant for his customers, and a degree of enterprise which will be encouraged.

Abner Wyman, on Tuesday had a valuable horse taken with a spasm near Alewife Brook. He drew the horse home on a sled, and was in hopes that the animal would recover.

Mr. Butterfield's funeral was very numerously attended. Rev. Mr. Cutter of the Unitarian and Rev. Mr. Cady of the Congregational churches were present. Some 75 men from Faneuil Hall Market were present, and marched in the funeral procession.

MASONIC.—The Masters and Past Masters of this and the neighboring Masonic Lodges, propose forming an association for mutual profit and pleasure. These lodges are all in the district in charge of W. T. Grammer, of Woburn, and if the plan is carried out, will tend to a uniformity of work, and the growth of fraternal feeling.

WATER.—The work at the dam of the Arlington Water Works is progressing favorably, the cold weather causing no

delay. The prospect of Arlington having water through the town by the 15th of June next is very fair. In this matter we are much ahead of some of the neighboring towns.

FAIR.—The fair of the Universalist Society came off with good success, last Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, on Wednesday evening was quite large. The supper table groined with goodly viands, and the display of fancy articles was quite extensive. During the evening, the Medford Dramatic Club gave the drama of "The Little Treasure," in fine style. This club displays a considerable amount of talent. On Thursday evening there was a social hop.

MORE STATISTICS.—We have procured from John F. Allen, Esq., our efficient Town Clerk, the following additional statistics:—

Whole number births,	97
Males,	42
Females,	55
American parents,	33
Foreign parents,	58
Mixed,	6
Whole No. intentions of marriage,	39
Average age of males,	28
" " females,	25
Both residing in Arlington,	21
But one residing in Arlington,	18
Whole number marriages,	34
Both parties American,	17
" " foreign,	14
Mixed,	3
Oldest person married,	50
Youngest person married,	18
First marriage,	62
Second " "	6
Deaths,	57
Males,	23
Females,	34
Dogs licensed,	156
Males,	144
Females,	12

ICE.—Work commenced on the Lake on Thursday. The ice is of very good quality, and if the weather holds good, a fine harvest of this staple product of our northern lakes will be stored.

PRAYING BAND.—This organization have engaged the Hall for a year, and there is no prospect of their meetings being discontinued.

ANOTHER DEATH.—Mr. W. F. Wellington, who for the past two years has been in the grocery business in Arlington, died on Wednesday at his residence. He was formerly in business in Charlestown, and was a member of Bunker Hill Lodge of Odd Fellows, and the Prescott Light Guard. He was also a member of Hiram Lodge of Masons in Arlington. His funeral takes place Saturday at one o'clock, P. M.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Tuesday, Jerry Crowley, a lad of 14, was skating on Lower Mystic Pond, when he broke through the ice and came near drowning. His cries attracted the attention of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, the well-known author, who happened to be in the vicinity, and who succeeded, with much difficulty and at the peril of his own life, in rescuing him.

The dog that was run over by an official the other day, goes in for curtail the right to race horses on the avenue. But he is too dogmatic.

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

OUR LECTURE SEASON.—A large and appreciative audience gathered Thursday evening, Jan. 11th, to listen to the Rev. Elias Nason, of Billerica, who discoursed very pleasantly upon the subject of "Greenbacks." We think it the best lecture of the course; not possibly in a scholarly point of view, for we remember Mr. James T. Fields, but for the general effect it has not been equalled. Mr. N. has the happy faculty of telling you an old story so that it sounds for the time like a new one, and so answers all the purposes of a new one. We cannot call the lecture a witty one, but there was a droll humor pervading the whole that made it exceedingly palatable. We hope the lesson he read will not be lost. There is no greater evil staring this country in the face, than this greed for the Almighty Dollar. But a proper use of money, he claimed, was commendable. We agree with him, and would suggest that as an instance of this, each of our readers try and increase our subscription list, so that we may be enabled to say with the lec-

turer, "Thank the Lord for Greenbacks." Mr. Nason was entertained by the Hon. Charles Hudson, and those who met him were deeply impressed with his social qualities, and his general bearing. We wish he might speak again during the winter, as we feel confident that the Town Hall would be filled.

The musical entertainment on Thursday evening of this week, we shall speak of in our next issue.

The next lecture will be given next Thursday evening, Jan. 25th, by the Hon. Joseph White, Secretary of the State Board of Education. Those who were present at the 19th of April dinner will recall his pleasant face.

The services of Mr. Wyzeman Marshall and Miss Webster, dramatic readers, have been secured for the eleventh night of the course.

SUNDAY DISCOURSE AND LECTURE. Rev. Henry Westcott will preach in the Unitarian Church, Lexington, next Sunday morning, Jan. 21st, on "The Unitarian position and Mr. Hepworth." In the evening at 7 o'clock, he will lecture on the doctrine, "Justification by Faith."

COOL, IF TRUE.—And we pledge our word that it is true. We visited the ice-houses of Mr. W. Walcott, a few days ago, and found about 2000 tons of the very best ice, fourteen inches thick, and clear as crystal. Think of that, Mr. Coddie, and shiver. It was a refreshing sight. Dreams of iced beverages—tea, of course—together with low prices, floated through our minds.

SAVINGS BANK.—Among the many improvements in our thriving and pleasant town, during the past year, the above institution deserves mention.

On application of many citizens, an act of incorporation was granted by the Legislature of last winter, "to establish a Savings Bank in Lexington," with all powers and privileges, and subject to all duties, restrictions, &c., thereto belonging. The Bank commenced operations last June. The object of this institution is to provide persons with a safe and profitable investment of their money; to encourage the industrious and prudent, and to induce them to lay aside some portion of their earnings for an advanced period of life, when they will be less enabled to earn a support.

The deposits for six months amount to about \$14,000, by 176 depositors. The above amount is loaned out at eight per cent., mostly in town, where it will be employed for the growth of local prosperity, and at the same time secure good interest to the depositors. We predict its prosperity. The officers of the Bank are as follows:—

President.—George W. Robinson.
Vice Presidents.—S. C. Whitcher, M. H. McFram, Wm. D. Phelps.
Secretary and Treasurer.—L. G. Babcock.
Trustees.—J. S. Munroe, T. B. Hosmer, R. W. Reed, W. A. Tower, Edward Reed, W. E. Russell, Charles Brown, C. C. Goodwin, G. L. Stratton, R. D. Blinn, J. J. Rayner, Levi Prosser, Hammon Reed, F. F. Raymond, Oliver P. Milly, Thomas Stiles, Asa Cottrell, Sylvester Bowman, A. E. Scott.

Y. P. C. U.—This Association met Wednesday evening, Jan. 10th, and organized itself for the ensuing quarter by choosing the following list of officers:—

President.—Frank E. Wetherell.
Vice President.—G. R. Russell.
Secretary.—H. A. Tuttle.
Treasurer.—C. A. Fowle.
Literary Committee.—Rev. H. Westcott, M. S. Furley, Miss M. E. Hudson, Miss Esther Parker, Mrs. H. Reed.
Business Committee.—G. W. Taylor, A. F. Gould, Mrs. G. O. Davis.

An hour or so was then pleasantly spent in literary exercises. These were very interesting. The Society is in a flourishing state. Its numbers are good, and considerable interest is manifested. We hope the good work thus begun, may go on and yield an abundant harvest.

SMASH-UP OR DOWN.—As Mr. Henry Simonds' horse and carriage was leaving the depot yard, one morning last week, one wheel upon said carriage suddenly collapsed, and the occupants were bundled unceremoniously out through the side curtains, but escaped with a few scratches.

DRAMATIC.—The East Lexington Dramatic Club will give an entertainment in the Town Hall, Monday evening, Jan.

22d, the proceeds to go for the benefit of the statues in the Memorial Hall.

FIRE.—The house owned by Owen McDonald, at the "crossing," was burned Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th. Some of the furniture was saved, also the cow and pigs. The horse perished in the flames. The engines did not reach the scene until the fire had gained such a start that any endeavor to save the building was futile. Loss about \$1000. We understand there was \$600 insurance.

This is the time to call the attention of the townspeople to the fact that we are illly provided with water, in case of fire. If a fire should break out almost anywhere in town, the people would have to stand and see it burn, as they did last night. Something should be done in this matter. It calls loudly for public action, and is worthy of consideration. What is the use of engines, with no water to supply them. We have really no protection from the fire fiend, and it is high time that something should be done in our defense.

SOCIAL CIRCLE.—One of those occasions that make the heart glad, and drives "dull care away," was enjoyed by the members and friends of the Unitarian Society, in their new and commodious vestry, last Friday evening, Jan. 12th. The ladies met in the afternoon, and the gentlemen were invited to take tea with them at half past six, and spend the evening. It was a right jolly time. Sociability and good cheer was the motto of the evening, and we hope the future meetings will be a still greater success. The ladies have the matter in hand, and our fair friends need no advice from us.

CHANGE OF SERVICE.—An order of service, for Sunday morning, has been unanimously adopted at the Hancock church, by which an opportunity is offered for the more thorough study of the Scriptures. The opening services are conducted very much as they have been hitherto, by the pastor. The main difference is that, instead of delivering a sermon from the pulpit, he takes charge of a large class of adults in the body of the church, while the rest of the congregation organize in classes, with their respective teachers, as they formerly did in the Sunday School. The uniform lesson system is found both interesting and instructive, as it furnishes the same topic to all, while it leaves the special treatment of it to the choice of each teacher. Every one is supplied, a month in advance, with the lesson papers, containing ample suggestions and references for each Sunday. This enables parents and children to study the same lesson together at home, which is a great advantage. The Teachers meeting, on Friday evening, develops the main features of the subject. And on Sunday morning, when the half hour's study in the class is over, the pastor returns to the pulpit, and gives a brief address, summing up the thoughts that have been elicited, and concluding the session with the usual devotional services. This method invests the study of the Bible with the dignity of public worship, and enables a whole congregation, old and young alike, to participate in it more fully than they could otherwise do. It also elevates and embeds the work of the Sunday School, thereby saving the necessity of a special service for that purpose. It gives scope for the exercise of the best and maturest powers of mind and heart; so that any person, who finds pleasure in the sanctuary, would enjoy the advantages of such a plan. The afternoon services, with preaching, remain the same as they have always been.

West Medford

RUNAWAY.—On Thursday a runaway horse, attached to a load of fish, was stopped at the depot in West Medford. The horse was drawing the load by one shaft, the other having dropped down. Some time afterwards the driver came on, pretty well bruised, and reported that he was thrown out and run over in Winchester. He was advised to go home, and not try to sell any more fish until he got sober.

Winchester

FIREMAN'S BALL.—The annual ball of Excelsior Engine Company, came off in Lyceum Hall, on Friday evening of last week. The hall was very elaborately and beautifully decorated for the occasion by Col. Beals, of Boston. A large number of firemen from our own and other towns, were present with their ladies, and to the inspiring strains of ex-

cellent music joined in dancing until a late hour.

HIGHWAYS.—The hearing before the County Commissioners, in regard to the extension of Walnut street, occupied the whole of Thursday of last week, and was then not finished. The depot question was discussed in connection with this matter, and the arguments heretofore made about it, were again gone over by many of the disputants.

ARBITRATION.—The civil suit for damages, in the case of Richardson vs. Stone, having been referred by agreement of the parties to Horace Conn and E. E. Thompson, of Woburn, and Lyman Dike, of Stoneham, said referees gave a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, on Friday afternoon and evening of last week, at the Selectmen's room, and concluded the same on Saturday afternoon. We deem it unnecessary to go into the details of this affair, as they are doubtless familiar to all of our readers. The decision of the referees will be given next week.

RAILROAD MATTERS.—Workmen have been engaged the past week in filling in and laying out a road bed for an additional track from Mystic to the vicinity of the new station. It is for the use of the freight cars which will be switched off this side of the crossing on Main street, to the land recently purchased of Abijah Thompson, where a freight house will be erected, and thus the standing of long freight trains across the Main street will be avoided.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—A portion of the Everett (formerly the Green) estate, in the westerly part of the town, comprising more than seventeen acres, was sold by Mr. William Everett, on the 9th inst., to Abijah Thompson, 3d, for the sum of \$13,000. The same estate was sold upon the same day for \$26,000, to Messrs. Weston & Rand, architects, of Boston, who are now engaged in the preparation of plans for laying it out as a private enclosure for dwelling houses, upon a general plan somewhat similar to that of the famous Llewellyn Park, at Orange New Jersey. Real Estate is going up in price, and this part of the town is to be beautiful and built up, so that in time it will perhaps rival the centre in the number of its inhabitants.

Married

In Lexington, Jan. 16th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Henry Westcott, Mr. Thos. H. Kite, of Boston, to Miss Sarah J. Smith, of Lexington.

Died.

In Arlington, Jan. 15th, Mabel Alice, daughter of William E. and Melissa Teel, aged 2 years 3 months 15 days.
In Arlington, Jan. 17th, W. F. Wellington, aged 44 years.
In Arlington, Jan. 17th, Mary T., daughter of Dennis and Mary T. O'Leary, aged 19 years, 9 months, 23 days.

\$5000

Saved yearly to those who buy their

**Watches, Clocks,
Sewing Machines,
Jewelry and Silver Ware,**

AT

**DODGE'S
JEWELRY STORE,
174**

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best assortment in Middlesex County.

No trouble to show Goods.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

Repaired at short notice.

Lexington Entertainments.

The Tenth entertainment will be given at the

TOWN HALL,

On Thursday Evening, Jan. 25th,

Commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

LECTURE BY

HON. JOSEPH WHITE,

Sec. State Board of Education.

Tickets may be had at the Post Office, and at the door. Single Evening, 25 cents. Ten cents for children under 14 years.

At **F. B. DODGE'S,**
174 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

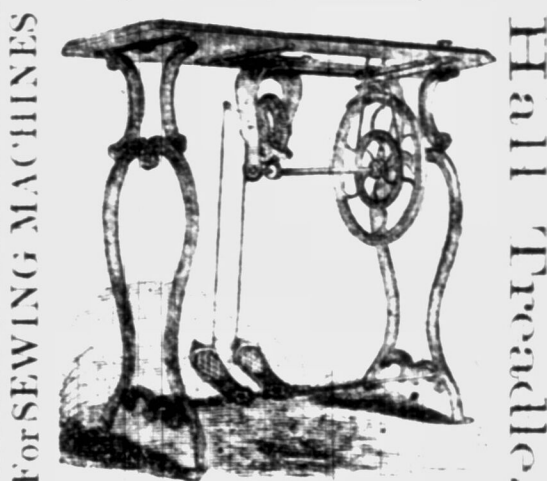
You can have your choice of any

Sewing Machine
FOR \$60.

**Five Dollars down,
Five Dollars per Month.**
Will make large discount for
CASH.

All extras go with every machine.

Also Agent for Woburn and vicinity for the



**Health-Preserving and
Labor-Saving!**

By using this TREADLE, all injurious effects now produced by running Machines, will be entirely avoided. With less than half the labor, much more work can be done with this than with the old Crank Treadle now in use on all Machines. For instance, with one movement of one foot, with this Treadle, you can make from thirty to one hundred stitches on an ordinary Family Machine. The Machine always starts and runs the right way, and can be stopped instantly. Can be applied to all Machines. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. For further particulars call and see it in operation, or send for Descriptive Circular.

Come Early, Come Often,

TO

**Dodge's Jewelry Store,
174 Main Street, Woburn.**

Will offer bargains for the year 1872. Goods at Lower Prices than ever before.

The best assortment of

Scotch Pebble Spectacles

AND

EYE GLASSES

IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

MATTHEW ROWE,

Dealer in

**FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,
ARLINGTON AVENUE.**

ARLINGTON, MASS.

GO TO

**Dodge's Jewelry Store
174 Main Street, Woburn,**

FOR

**Silver Plated Dining and Tea
KNIVES,**

Rubber Handle Knives,

Ivory Handle Knives,

Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

Large assortment always on hand.

Will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES.

My goods are all bought for cash, and will give my customers the benefit.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Now is the time to subscribe for

The Christian Era,

Established 1851.

ENLARGED TO EIGHT PAGES

December 7, 1871.

As a family religious paper it has few if any superiors. Only \$2.50 in advance per year. \$4 for two new subscribers one year. Send for specimen copies, free.

ADDRESS

THE CHRISTIAN ERA,
No. 50 School Street, Boston, Mass.

**RUFUS PICKERING,
Real Estate Agent & Conveyancer,**

Office, 159 Main Street, Woburn. Real Estate purchased, sold and leased. Rents collected. Those seeking for Real Estate are invited to call and examine my list of property, for sale and to let. All business entrusted to my care will be faithfully attended to.

Lexington Advertisements.

**LYMAN LAWRENCE,
Harness Maker**

AND

CARRIAGE TRIMMER,

Main Street, Rear Post Office Block,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Carrycombs, Surchingles, Chamois Skins, &c., constantly on hand. Repairing promptly and neatly executed. Collars a specialty.

**BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S
EXPRESS.**

Lexington & Arlington Branch.

Forwards goods and all express matter to and from BOSTON, ARLINGTON, LEXINGTON, BEDFORD, CONCORD, and CARLISLE.

**OFFICE, 33 COURT SQUARE,
BOSTON, MASS.**

W. A. LANE & CO.

Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents
RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.

Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitcomb's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References made to the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

Arlington Advertisements.

PEARSON & TOBEY,
APOTHECARIES,

ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials. Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10 A. M., 1 to 2 P. M. and 5 to 8 P. M. Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Balsam.

JOHN FORD,

TAILOR,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gent's Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest style. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner.

CHARLES F. BRADBURY

(Successor to Thomas Ramsdall.)

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK; also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

W. F. WELLINGTON.

Dealer in First-Class

GROCERIES,

Of every description.

Java and other Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

Joseph W. Ronco,

FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling, and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER

AND HORSE SHOER,

Arlington Avenue.

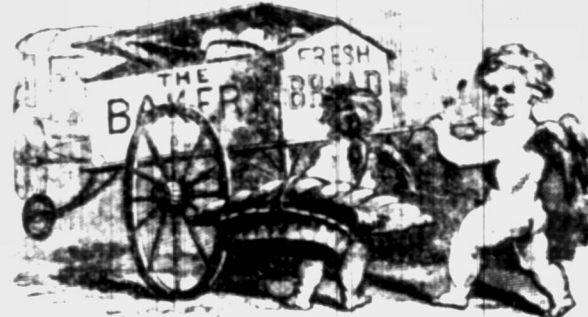
Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,

ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

PASTE that will not stick, but you will stick to it; Livio Florentine Tooth Paste, sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, and is really a fine thing.

TO THE CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON!



A branch store has been recently opened, opposite the Depot, where will be found the usual variety kept in a Fancy Bread Store.

Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. **Fresh Morning Bread,** and the best of FANCY CAKE, with all kinds of Fancy Crackers. Orders received for Cakes, Ice Cream, Fruit, &c., for public and private parties.

Arlington Advertisements.

WM. L. CLARK & CO.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,

AND

HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surchingle, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes.

Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

ADMIRABLE Hair Dressing, is the Lustrating Balm sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, Arlington. It cleanses your head of Dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy.

**MOORE'S ARLINGTON & NORTH
CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS.**

TWO TRIPS DAILY.

Leaves Arlington 8 and 11 o'clock A. M.
Leaves No. Cambridge 8:30 & 11:30 A. M.
Leaves Boston 11:30 A. M. and 3 P. M.

OFFICES:

In Boston, 34 and 35 Court Square, and

45 No. Market Street.

In Arlington, at the Centre Depot, and at

house on Arlington Avenue.

In No. Cambridge, at Henderson's Block.

Goods and Packages of all descriptions carefully handled and promptly delivered.

Thankful for past favors, the patronage of the

citizens of Arlington and No. Cambridge is re-

spectfully solicited.

O. G. Robinson,

FISH & OYSTER MARKET,

Corner of Main and Water Sts.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.

SALT, CORNED, & SMOKED FISH of all kinds. Fresh supplies constantly on hand.

M. A. Richardson & Co.,

DEALERS IN

PERIODICALS & STATIONERY!

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

HATS, CAPS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

Arlington Ave., at R. R. Crossing,
Arlington, Mass.

AGENTS FOR THE

ARLINGTON ADVOCATE!

And authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements. Orders for Job Printing promptly attended to.

**D. DODGE,
APOTHECARY**

Besides his large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., keeps constantly on hand

FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,

Tooth and Hair Brushes, Gents' Collars in large variety.

PURE SPICES, Soda and Cream of Tartar, and the various grades of the Oriental Teas and Coffees, at the Co's very low Warehouse prices.

WILLIAM O. MENCHIN,

WHEELWRIGHT,

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Carriages Made and Repaired.

HENRY LOCKE,

DEALER IN

PROVISIONS,

Vegetables, Fruits, &c.

Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

U SHOULD read the **UNION SPY**, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn, Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

Lexington Advertisements.

L. G. BABCOCK,

(AT THE POST-OFFICE.)

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

TOILET ARTICLES,

And all goods usually kept in a **FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.** Also, a nice assortment of Stationery, Confectionery and Fancy Goods.

To the above stock has just been added an assortment of

TOYS

AND

HOLIDAY GOODS.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,

Dealer in

WATCHES,

Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

Waltham, Elgin, and U. S. Watches are not excelled by any Watches in the market for time keepers and economy.

SPECTACLES.

of the best quality, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Repairing done in a proper manner.

Goods not in stock supplied to order, and all goods warranted as represented.

TOWN HALL BUILDING. - LEXINGTON.

Terms positively cash.

E. P. RICH,

DEALER IN

Men's, Boys' and Youth's,
Women's, Misses' and Children's

Boots and Shoes

Crockery, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Umbrellas, &c.

Opp. Central Depot, Main Street, Lexington, Mass.

Goods received for Barrett's Dye House.

Agent for the Celebrated BURDETT ORGAN.

A. F. SPAULDING,

MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS and SHOES,

HANCOCK STREET.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Toilet Slippers made to measure.

ALONZO GODDARD,

DEALER IN

Stoves of all Kinds,

including the Magee-Portable Range.

Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,

Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.

Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.

MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON
And Main Street, near the Centre Depot.

Poetry.

TO KATRINA.

I am dying, Katrin, dying!
Faintly burns the spark of life,
And the voice of love is crying
Bitterly amidst the strife;
Yet I hear beyond the ether,
Angels sing of bliss to me!
But oh, Katrin, though an angel,
What were heaven without thee?

Not so painful is the dying
As the vision of I see;
Not so bitter as the crying
Of the child that cries to thee;
In a little humble cottage,
Sadly changed, appears to me,
Thou, a patching little breeches—
Breeches worn out at the knee.

I am dying, Katrin, dying!
What was fading now grows bright!
Change o'er all is sweetly lying—
Angels I shall see to night!
I am dying, Katrin, dying!
And I feel—oh! drat that splash!
I am dying, Katrin, dying!
I am dying my moustache!

JOTTINGS FROM GOTHAM. NOTE INTRODUCTORY.

BY RUMFORD.

A stranger in New York is not prepared to judge impartially of the ups and downs, peculiarities of peculiar people, in fact comparatively but little of the real state of things as they actually occur; he is as often mistaken in the real as the ideal. A residence in New York, and an active participation in active business, for quite a number of years, has, perhaps, given me an opportunity for minute observation not easily obtained in any other manner. Again, belonging to the Oliver Optic class of men, I have perhaps observed more than my more plodding associates.

Much depends upon the manner in which one would see New York. The stranger in New York would see something of New York life; he rises from a generous dinner, he feels at ease with all the world, for there is nothing in the world makes a man feel better natured with himself than a good dinner; feeling pleased with himself he goes forth to see what he can see in this great city he has heard so much about, but which until the present moment, he never visited.

Scarcely twenty rods from his hotel his path is crossed by a large, healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked, Dutch built woman, literally clothed in rags; verily her garments surpass in variety of hues the Persian robes, or the Tyrian dyes; yet they are rags, rags, flying rags, and nothing else. One's sympathy is lessened somewhat by astonishment. He cannot find so much sympathy in his heart as he thought he had, for as he surveys this bundle of rags, he beholds nothing like starvation about the supplicating beggar who unceremoniously asks of him an alms. Being repulsed by the stranger, she looks at him, perhaps, for a moment contemptuously, and then with a most expressive, unclassical gesture, and gross vulgarity of expression, bids him "go to — and shake himself."

Leaving his last encounter, the Dutch galliot, under full sail, with many colors flying, our stranger in Gotham moves on, and pauses before the City Hall. Upon its steps sits huddled up in a corner, another specimen of the same sort, with the exception of the many colors. This woman has a weight of some 180 to 200 pounds, short, thick, and looks through a very large pair of spectacles. She has a "borrowed baby," and the baby is indeed an object of pity, its plaintive cries, and blue hands, and little emaciated features, have made many a mute though eloquent appeal to the kind-hearted strangers, as well as citizens of New York. This woman for a considerable length of time, made money as a professional beggar, as she was. We found upon inquiry, that the baby could be obtained for twenty-five cents per day, and would some days bring in, as the old woman afterward confessed, from one to five dollars. There the real suffering was made subservient to the ideal. The upturned supplicating face, the little extended hands of that innocent sufferer, will, we doubt not, be recognized by many of the readers of these sketches. Of late "old Meg of the steps" has not been seen at her accustomed place, and another of the "rag picking" fraternity has occasionally occupied her place.

We passed on and immediately a little old boy accosted him in piteous accents, soliciting a penny; he "had no bread to eat, his mother was dead, and his father was dead, and he was almost starved." Our friend generously dropped a few pennies in his hat, and passed on to Chatham street, the beggar boy to his game of marbles, and we to our hotel, setting down this last act of the stranger's philanthropy to the side of the ideal.

As we neared our hotel we were again witness to a scene of common occurrence

in New York life. A small boy, bare-footed, illy clad, without cap, and shivering with cold, in the most piteous accents entreated "for a penny." The by-standers asked him why he cried; he said "for bread;" a generous stranger bought a sixpence worth of cake for the little fellow, which he took with gratitude, and began eating the same eagerly, though evidently in fear of some punishment; what that was we were not long in ascertaining, for upon the passing away of the momentary stoppage, as the curious spectators left, a female, and with an oath, snatched the cake from him, casting it from her with loathing, and shook the little fellow with much harshness, upbraiding him for not getting money instead of bread. We thought the real and the ideal in this our first walk, was, to say the least, somewhat mixed.

Next we stepped into a depot where all kinds of books, papers, and news of the day were sold. Here we were treated to an altogether different adventure, and one we had in no way anticipated.

But as this, our No. 1, is already sufficiently long, we defer the same until our next number.

*We shall speak of the professional beggar in our Notes to the People, and have in our notes some facts, which in their sober reality, truth and interest, far surpass the most highly wrought romance.

CARELESSNESS IN THE USE OF MATCHES.—Only people advanced in years will fully appreciate the advantage of the modern matches, because they remember the trouble experienced some forty years ago in the use of flint and steel. Great conveniences as matches are, they have their effect in the danger of fire which they constantly render imminent. A common case of carelessness often causing most deplorable results, is the bad habit of throwing away a match before it is extinguished. Many a fire in a store has been ignited by a careless clerk, after using a match, tossing it while still burning, behind the counter. It is but lately we saw in an office in New York, the president of a certain company (not a fire insurance company, by the way,) drop a burning match, which he had used, into the waste-paper basket under his desk. The latter was, of course soon in a blaze, which, after causing considerable damage, was finally extinguished. Matches should be blown out after they are used, and with great care, so that no spark can remain to do mischief. This is so important that a patent has been recently taken out in Europe for a chemical solution with which the wood of the match is impregnated, which, without diminishing its combustibility, renders it impossible for a spark to remain after the match is blown out. So securely does this prevent accidents that the match may be thrown upon gunpowder immediately after being used, without igniting it. This is valuable, as it is well known that for gunpowder and some other substances the minutest spark is as dangerous as a large flame.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observation made when he was a journeyman stone mason, and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he expects to find a huge lump sometime. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first one you meet.

TOO DRY.—A farm laborer attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go in to the water, leaped after him and brought him safe to the shore. The laborer attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the laborer, determined to destroy himself, watched his opportunity and hanged himself behind the barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down. When, several hours afterward, the master of the farm yard asked him on what ground he allowed the poor fellow to hang there.

"Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground. I know I was so good that I fetched him out of the water two times, and I know too, he was wet through every rag; and I thought he hung himself up to dry."

The Toledo Blade reports the birth of twins under remarkable circumstances, on an emigrant train bound to Chicago, recently, one of the newcomers being born in Indiana and the other in Michigan.

"CONSIDER ME SMITH."—There is a very good story in the paper of a trick which was played by Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The doctor was a small man, and lean but hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless he was among the knowing ones, reported to be as agile as a cat, and in addition, by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble science of self-defence." Well, in the Freshmen class of a certain year, was a burly, beef-mountainier of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for "old Bolus" physical dimensions, and he was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones—that's what we'll call him—had no more idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man he imagined he could tie and whip. At length he determined to give the gentleman a genteel, private thrashing, some night on the college campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the campus. Walking up to him abruptly, he said:

"Hello, Smith; you rascal, is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle, made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, and was astraddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Doctor Caldwell! a mistake! for heaven's sake, doctor!" Groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be eaten up. "I—I really thought it was Smith."

The doctor replied with a word and a blow, alternately:

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes, consider me Smith."

And it is said that old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the college campus.

FISK'S FIRST MISTAKE.—Fisk used to often tell about his first mistake in life.

Said the Colonel, "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in the stable."

Said he, "James, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean the stable?"

"I don't know, Pop," said James. "I never have done it."

"Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I'll give you this bright silver dollar," said his father, patting him on his head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.

"Good," says James, "I'll try,"—and away he went to work. He tugged, and pulled, and lifted, and pushed; and, finally, it was done, and his father gave him the bright silver dollar, saying—

"That's right, James; you did it splendidly; and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning all winter!"

BE CHEERFUL.—Look happy if you do not feel so. Present a cheerful exterior, though your heart and mind be troubled. Never wear a face, which as Sydney Smith says, "is a breach of the peace." Dr. Johnson used to observe that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing was worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year; and Samuel Smiles observes, "We possess the power to a great extent, of so exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon objects calculated to yield happiness and improvement rather than their opposites. In this way the habit of happy thought may be made to spring up like any other habit. And to bring up men and women with a genuine nature of this sort, a good temper and a happy frame of mind is, perhaps, of even more importance in many cases than to perfect them in much knowledge and many accomplishments."

A SENSIBLE PROVISION.—The public-houses of England furnish an attractive but dangerous resort for young men and workmen without families. To counteract their influence, public spirited philanthropists are establishing places of free resort in nearly all the large towns. They are supplied with well warmed and lighted reading-room and library, and a room for classes or committee meetings of the clubs and trade societies, and tea, coffee, and substantial refreshments are provided at a moderate rate.

FROM ODESSA TO HONG KONG.—It is not generally known that Russia is now running a line of line steamers from Odessa, in the Black Sea, and Hong Kong via the Suez Canal. It is stated that the line is to be extended by connected steamers from the mouth of the Amour, through the Yellow Sea and the Chinese coast, touching at the principal ports in China and Japan. This will probably be the longest line of unbroken ocean steam transit in the world.

THE Boston Daily News FOR 1872 An Independent Morning and Evening Journal.

The NEWS for the coming year offers to all classes of people a most profitable and entertaining sheet. To the Religious and Temperance classes, it brings news and discussions of the highest importance, much of which can be found in no other paper.

To the Farmers and Produce Dealers, it offers the most interesting Statistics of Trade that are to be furnished by the various mercantile exchanges and produce marts. No farmer can afford to do without our market reports.

The paper is independent in Politics and Religion, and is the organ of no sect or party. It is an earnest advocate of Temperance, a sharp critic of corrupt administration in office, and urges the greatest economy and strictest integrity in all Government expenditures.

It is replete with latest telegraphic and local news, and never ceases its readers to blush at any low expression or demoralizing recitals.

These features must highly recommend the News to all, as a thoroughly Business, Religious, Temperance, Spicy and Readable Family Paper.

To Jobbers, and Traders generally, the News presents peculiar inducements, by publishing the

Hotel Arrivals every Morning.

To the public generally, it offers great advantages as an advertising medium, not only by its large and extending circulation, but also by its reaching the better and higher classes of people to a greater extent than any other two cent paper.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
One Year, in advance, \$5.00
Club Rates, five copies, \$20.00

Address, THE BOSTON NEWS CO.,
Boston, Mass.

The BOSTON NEWS CO. also publish the
\$1. Church & Republic, \$1.

The Cheapest and Best Weekly Journal in the world.

It is issued every SATURDAY MORNING, and will reach all parts of New England for Sunday reading.

It contains Thirty columns of Choice Reading every issue.

NO CONTINUED STORIES.
Subscription price, \$1.00 per year, in advance. Address,

THE CHURCH & REPUBLIC,
BOSTON, MASS.

Parisian Kid Glove Co.

Ladies', Gents',
Misses', Cadets'

1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 12 Buttons.
Latest Styles and Colors.

9 Temple Place, Boston.
1163 Broadway, NEW YORK,
53 Regent Street, LONDON,
21 Rue de la Paix, PARIS. 170

New Lumber Yard.

J. C. WHITCHER
Respectfully informs the public that he will sell all kinds of Eastern, Western and Northern

LUMBER,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths & Pickets,
All kinds of Millings, Cedar Chestnut and Locust Posts. Every variety of Builder's Material.

Lumber Yard at the Railroad Freight Yard Woburn.

Carpenter and Builder,
Shop corner Railroad and Fairmount Streets,
WOBURN. 133

SAMUEL H. DAVIS,
Manufacturer of, and Dealer in

Ladies', Gents', Misses & Children's
Boots, Shoes,

AND
RUBBERS.

No. 4 Richardson's Block,
WINCHESTER.

Repairing done at short notice in a thorough and workmanlike manner. 192

A. PRATT & CO.,
DEALERS IN

Beef, Pork,

Lard, Ham, Poultry, Game, &c.,
Stall No. 5 Suffolk Market, 180
Cor. Sudbury & Friend Streets, BOSTON.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

PARKER'S PRINTING OFFICE,

204 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

JOHN L. PARKER, STEAM BOOK and JOB PRINTER,

204 Main Street,
WOBURN.

Possessing abundant facilities for the execution of every variety of letter-press printing, we are prepared to fill orders for

BOOKS,
NEWSPAPERS,
PAMPHLETS,
SERMONS,
CATALOGUES,
REPORTS, &c.

and all kinds of

COMMERCIAL PRINTING.

BUSINESS,
WEDDING, and
ADDRESS CARDS.

ELEGANT PRINTING

FOR

BALLS and PARTIES

Mammoth Posters,

AUCTION BILLS,

Handbills, Programmes,

and every kind of printing, from the largest bill to the smallest card, turned off rapidly, in good style and at reasonable rates. A speciality made of

PRINTING IN COLORS.

Orders left at the Office, 204 Main Street, Woburn, or with M. A. Richardson & Co., Arlington, L. G. Babcock, Lexington, G. P. Brown, Winchester, promptly attended to.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

PARKER'S PRINTING OFFICE,

204 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.